

*That our merchants have provided bountifully for our Holiday wants is evidenced by their announcements in these columns. They are entitled to the patronage of all the people of the community for everything that is desired in Christmas merchandise*

## Christmas Greetings

By William Marion Reedy

**M**ERRY CHRISTMAS to you all. Let yourself surrender to the season. Don't be afraid or ashamed to be a bit soft toward everybody. Obey that impulse to kindness. Throw off that inhibition on spontaneous friendliness. Note how it gets you more than you give. Reflect how splendid it would be to carry the feeling on beyond Christmas always. Don't let the horror and misery of the great war oppress you. In the conflict men are giving all they have and are for ideals. They are making and shaping a new world and a better one, building it with the supreme sacrifice of self. This world is what we make it. The love habit will beautify and sweeten it. Every little bit helps to make a mighty fire of love eventually to burn all hate away. Merry Christmas.

## VENGEANCE ALL HE SOUGHT

When Crowd Learned Nature of Christmas Gift It Left Him to Commit His Crime.

It was Christmas eve, and a stout man with a large package beneath his arm hurried through the crowded thoroughfare, closely pursued by a small man of haggard aspect, with a thick stick in his hand.

On and on, relentlessly, the forlorn man dogged the other, and those who passed him heard an occasional word drop from his lips, indicative of despair or awful terror.

Finally, some of the crowd turned and followed the pair, determined not to miss the fun. The crowd grew larger, and finally a bold man went up to the person of haggard countenance.

"What's the matter?"  
The little man turned.  
"Matter?" he echoed. "See that man with a bundle? He is my next-door neighbor, and in that bundle he has a cornet which he has bought for his small son to play upon."

But the crowd waited no longer. It surged ahead and left him to work out his own salvation, and when peace had been restored the remains of the battered man and a battered cornet lay upon the pavement.

## JES' FORE CHRISTMAS

They're acting mighty funny up at our house nowadays.  
They're different than they used to be an' changed in many ways;  
Not long ago if I should want some toy upon a shelf,  
They used to make me get a chair and hunt for it myself;  
Las' night I wanted building blocks and went to get 'em, too,  
An' three of 'em got up an' said: 'I'll get 'er down for you.'

I used to have to hunt for things that somehow went astray,  
They let me open bureau drawers without a word to say;  
Ma would sew and his would play, an' pa would read his book,  
An' never think of gettin' from their chairs to help me look.  
But las' night when I started in to find my 'lectric car,  
They all exclaimed: 'We'll hunt for it; you stay right where you are!'

I've never known 'em be so kind in all my life before;  
They'll jump to wait on me an' find the things I'm huntin' for;  
Although they used to grumble an' to say I was a pest,  
I'm not a bother any more—but why, I haven't guessed.  
I only know that when I want some toy that's on a shelf,  
They're mighty quick to see that I don't hunt for it myself.

—Edgar A. Guest, in Chicago Daily News.

## HIS SCHEME.



"I'm going to dabble a little in stocks to buy Christmas presents."  
"But suppose you lose?"  
"In that case I'll have a good excuse for not making any."

## Wanted a Short Night.

"Pop!"  
"Yes, my son."  
"Is it a fact that the days are getting longer?"  
"Yes, my boy."  
"Well, pop, that ought to make the night before Christmas shorter than, shouldn't it?"

# SPECIALS!

## For All This Week

Be sure to provide for your your table on Christmas day. We have a full and complete stock of groceries and the prices are right. A glance over the following will help to remind you of your wants that you may need:

Heinz 57 Varieties make things good at all meals.

Mince Meats in jars and cans.

Nuts, shelled, for fruit cakes and mince meat.

Citrus Fruits, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Lemons, Figs, Cocoanuts in shells, Tangerines, Grapes, Apples, Cranberries.

Large Bronze Turkeys, famous Plymouth Rock Chickens, Pekin Ducks and Toulouse Geese—all dressed and ready for the pan.

Fresh, Shucked Oysters by the gallon or quart; special price by the gallon.

Canned Goods, as fine as you ever tasted; Asparagus, Peas, String Beans, Lima Green Beans, Corn, Spinach, Beets, Peaches and Pineapple.

Pears and Logan Berries, something extra good. Also Fancy Raisins.

Sweet Pickles, Sour Pickles, Cheese, Spaghetti, Macaroni, Canned Cider, Maple Syrup, Canned Cherries and a complete line of Dried Fruits.

Everything that goes to make up your Christmas dinner can be had here, even Candies and Nuts to finish up the day.

Place Your Orders Early and Avoid the Rush.

Mutual Movie Stamps Are Given With All Cash Purchases.

J. C. CABLISH & BRO.  
QUALITY GROCERS

WE ARE HEADQUARTERS FOR  
XMAS SHOPPERS

Fine China, Cut-Glass, Toys, Books, Games of all kinds and Novelties.

A big stock of AEBURCH'S fine Candies.

THE RACKET STORE

L. H. YOUNG, Proprietor.

## Adulations of Christmas Dinner

by George V. Hobart



**S**AY! did you ever get reckless and give a Christmas dinner to an assorted collection of petrified relations?

Take it from me, dodging benzine buggies on the boulevard is sleepy work in comparison.

Friend wife concluded it was up to us to squeeze a few uncles and aunts into our 4 by 4 dining room and throw turkey wings at them, so I coaxed my nervous system to behave and told Peaches to cut loose.

She sat down and invited Uncle Peter Grant and Aunt Martha, Uncle Gregory Smith and Aunt Essie. Then she went in, took another look at the dining room and stopped.

I invited Bud Hawley, his wife Sybil, and Hep Hardy, and explained to them that we would all have to sit edge-on at the table and get our meat cut in the kitchen, so as to avoid hitting each other on the funny bone, and it was so ordered.

Hep arrived early. He always does. He generally breezes in with the information that four pages of tango music are waiting for him in some hoof palace, and he has to hurry away, but on this occasion he concluded to see the fight to a finish.

Then the other members of our dinner party began arriving and the mad revel was on.

Uncle Peter brought a friend—the famous food expert, Doctor Smotherjoy.

The doctor is a high card with Uncle Peter.

He is one of those old ginks with beady eyes and a license to hunt for germs, and everything he eats has first to give the countersign and then go through a written examination.

Uncle Peter believes every word that leaves Doc Smotherjoy's face, but for my part I think he's an old Camembert.

At any rate, no sooner were we seated at the table than Doc parted his whiskers carefully, coughed to attract attention, then picked up a little-neck clam on the end of his fork and proceeded to give it the third degree.

"The adulteration of foodstuffs these days is being carried on to an extent worse than criminal," the old bluff began solemnly. "Ah, even here I see traces of sally-sillic acid with borax-phosphos even here on this clam."

"Put a little tabascos on it and cut loose," suggested Bud Hawley.

"Have a lemon," said Hep. "Squeeze it over the clams and make a wish."

Uncle Peter listened with marked attention, while Uncle Gregory glanced at his clams and shuddered.

The doctor ate his unconcernedly.

When the soup came on the Doc lifted a spoonful thoughtfully, then sloshed it slowly back into his plate, while the two uncles eyed him nervously.

"It's bullyon," whispered Uncle Peter, anxious to prove the soup's innocence.

"Here," said the doctor, examining his spoonful critically, "here are traces of hydrophosphates and about ten per cent philharmonic acid."

"I never eat soup," gurgled Uncle Greg, "because it's a waste of good space."

The doctor said nothing more, but quietly surrounded his soup.

When the fish was served the doctor danced over his plate with his fork and said, "Hydrostatic acid with here and there symptoms of manganese germs and a few sulphide microbes."

Uncle Gregory pushed his plate back with a sigh that was pitiful to hear.

Peaches was now so nervous that her hands were doing a shaker dust, and there was a big pink spot on each cheek.

The others at the table, with the exception of nervous old Uncle Gregory, paid not the slightest attention to Doctor Busyface.

Even Uncle Peter threw away his germ fear after the clam episode, and took a long chance with everything from soup to nuts.

Next we had some turkey with mashed potatoes, green peas and asparagus tips.

When Uncle Gregory saw all this his face broke out in a smile, and we could see his appetite roll up its sleeves.

"In this," the doctor began again, holding up a turkey wing on his fork, "in this we have a cold-storage turkey which has been treated with oxalic acid and chloride of potassium to keep it in a shivering state."

"Pardon me, doctor," exclaimed Peaches indignantly, "but it isn't a cold-storage turkey, because it was sent me as a present by some friends on Long Island only this morning."

"Possibly," went on Caterpillar Charlie, "possibly my hurried diagnosis was at fault, but we can never be sure about these things, because here, on the elbow of the wing, I find traces of callisthenic acid over the membranes."

"No, thank you," said Uncle Gregory, "I never eat turkey, it gives me the heartburn."

And the poor old guy struck such a note of hunger that I wanted to throw that doctor out of the window.

By this time several others at the table were becoming more or less impressed, and the dinner party was beginning to assume the cheerful aspect of a meeting of martyrs an hour before the arena opened.

"Please pass me some mashed potatoes," whispered Uncle Gregory after the pangs of hunger had beaten him to the ropes.

"Here we find," croaked the doctor, raising a forkful of mashed potatoes, "here we find one of the most evil effects of food adulteration. This potato was grown in the fall of the year 1880, but it has been washed in alum water to give it the appearance of being modern, while its eyes have been treated with belladonna to make them bright and snappy."

Uncle Gregory groaned pathetically, and the rest of us, out of politeness, tried to look interested, but only succeeded in looking seasick.

When the ice cream and cake were brought on Doctor Smotherjoy drove his spoon down deep into the chocolate and vanilla mixed and said, "Here is a pitiful illustration of what dishonest tradesmen will do for money. Here we find that some of this ice cream was pale originally, but it was treated with aniline dye to give it this chocolate effect, and then baked in the sun to deceive the eye."

On the other hand, we find this vanilla was originally dark and forbidding, but it has been treated with peroxide of hydrogen to make it more of a blonde."

"Pardon me, doctor," snapped Peaches, her teeth chattering with nervousness, "but this ice cream was made in our kitchen by our own cook."

"The Next Time You Give a Dinner Party Out Out That Bug Doctor."

with first-class cream, and we never have any but homemade ice cream, so there!"

"Ah," said the doctor, "then in that case it must be traces of thanatopsis which I see, and the evidence is conclusive that a great deal of artificial frappe has been used, nevertheless."

"No, thank you," said Uncle Gregory, "I never eat ice cream because it goes to my head and makes me cold to my friends."

"Take this coffee, for instance," chortled the doctor, juggling a spoonful with the left hand and four lumps of sugar with the right. "Herein you will find copper salts, iodide of chloroform, a four per cent solution of gladiolus, together with about a sixteenth of a grain of mocha to the cupful."

"No, thank you," gasped Uncle Gregory; "I never drink coffee; it gives me the hiccups."

After the dinner was over, Uncle Gregory took me outside and whispered: "John, for the love of a blissful heaven, the next time you give a dinner party cut out that bug doctor, or let me wear ear muffs!"

Peaches hasn't spoken a sensible word since that bitter evening.

Can you blame her?

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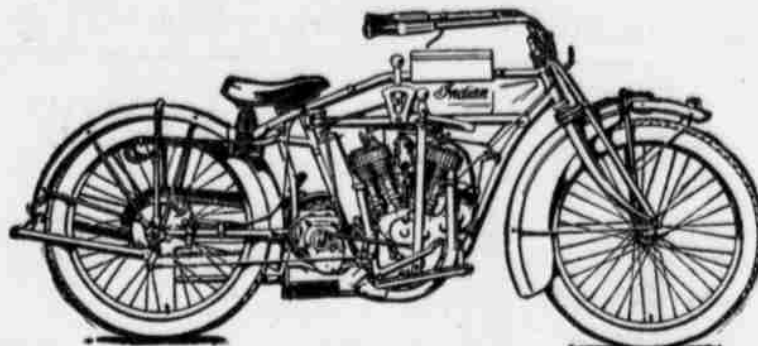
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For Christmas

35c, 60c, 80c, \$1.00, \$1.50, \$2.00 AND \$5.00 A BOX

We also fill orders for cheaper grades of candy. Fruits of all kinds—lunch at all hours.

## Bierley's Confectionery



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## AND DON'T FORGET!

We have a dandy proposition for merchants' light delivery. Also those INDIAN BICYCLES.

## Indian Motorcycle and Bicycle Co.



Parts and Accessories



## BE GOOD TO YOUR EYES

If your eyes pain you, don't let this Christmas go by without having them fitted for glasses. It will save you much future trouble and annoyance. Science has made wonderful progress of grinding lenses, and the result is seen in the youth they afford to the eye that is dimmed by time. We take every precaution known to Optical Science when we examine your eyes or duplicate a broken lens. We advise glasses only when we think they benefit you.

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